

# The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

NEW YORK 26 FEBRUARY 1898

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## HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MARCH.

### An American Army Manœuvre

By FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

Illustrated by FREDERIC REMINGTON and R. F. ZOGBAUM. The recent sham battle between the divided forces of the New York State Militia is described as typical of the form of military training most needed by our National Guard.

### Social Pictorial Satire. Part II.

By GEORGE DU MAURIER

In the concluding part Du Maurier speaks of Charles Keene and of himself. The article is profusely illustrated with examples of the work of both, and with hitherto unpublished portraits, engraved by E. Schladitz.

By JULIAN RALPH

#### In the Wake of a War

The author's adventures and observations on the Turkish side of the late war with Greece. Profusely illustrated from sketches made on the spot by Lester Ralph.

By CHARLES HENRY HART

#### The Earliest Painter in America

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By JOEL BENTON

Anecdotes and critical estimates of the great American lecturers of the past generation, by the Manager of a Country Lyceum. Portraits engraved by E. Schladitz.

### EUROPEAN POLITICS

Stirring Times in Austria as Seen  
from the Parliament  
at Vienna

By MARK TWAIN

The Traditional Attitude of Ger-  
many toward Austria  
and Turkey

By an EASTERN DIPLOMAT

### Roden's Corner. A Novel. Part III.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, Author of "The Sowers."

Pictures by T. DE THULSTRUP, from local studies.

### Short Stories

**The Skeleton on Round Island**, by MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD, illustrated by C. Carleton; **The Bishop's Memory**, by MARGUERITE MERRINGTON, illustrated by W. T. Smedley; **One Man's Idol**, by GEORGINA PEEL; **The Problem**, by ELLEN DUVAL; and **Destiny**, by GRACE KING.

March 1

**The Rise of the Dutch Republic.** By JOHN LOthrop MOTLEY. A new edition and notes. A sketch of the Dutch People from 1566 to 1897, by WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS. Profusely illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$1.75.

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## Whitmania

### "Defend me from my friends"

A JOURNAL which has recently fallen into my hands, posing as "an exponent of the world movement in ethics," has renewed in me a sense of wonder, never wholly absent, apropos of Walt Whitman's followers. Judged by the table-of-contents, the "world movement in ethics" has a somewhat limited radius and a Walt hub, six of the eleven articles being devoted to Whitman. One of the remaining five, a poem, "Rooted in Quickening Soil," pays him the added tribute of imitation—or is it parody? I cull a choice bit.

"I push my hand in the gutter and draw forth from the black mud a redlipped rose,

O rose: your lips I kiss!"

Lest anyone should wonder that lines so badly Whitmanesque could find acceptance, even in a Whitman journal, I hasten to add that the author is the editor in chief; and lest, again, he should be accused of undue partiality towards his own writing, I hasten to add once more that all of the poetical contributions to this journal are of the same general tenor. That Whitman, the singer of "Oneself" and "Personality," should have raised up a school of imitators, may safely be called ironical. "Rest not until you rivet and publish yourself of your own Personality,"—and lo, a band of admirers, chanting the same song, in the same metre, to the same tune. Those who find Whitman's poetry, in the original, too condensed or too elliptical, will doubtless enjoy these new versions.

"The clock indicates the moment—but what does Eternity indicate?" (Whitman.)

The line is certainly suggestive, but it is left to the headlong follower to carry out the following,

"Do you say that time is up, that the hands of the clock have completed their circuit?

See—no sooner is the round complete but it starts with the same pace and purpose another:

Tireless is the hand that winds the clock, tireless I who wait."

(Tirelessness, by the way, is a feature in the poetry of this journal.)

It is a curious phase of Whitman's greatness—this intense personal following. There has been nothing like it in the history of letters. Johnson had only one Boswell. No man, apparently, could come near Whitman without being swayed from his own orbit. John Burroughs appears to be almost the only man who, knowing him very well, is able to stand up straight after it. The rest—some of them more and some of them less—have lost their sense, of proportion. They have fallen into an embarrassing habit of referring to Whitman and Jesus of Nazareth in the same breath. (Implication in favor of Whitman.) We are willing that the Whitman buttons should be irradiated. It is harmless enough; but when we are obliged to see the buttons eclipse the person of Whitman, and the person of Whitman eclipse the personality, we are roused to mild resentment. It is, of course, a matter of some public interest to know how many times a day Mr. Whitman washed his hands, but we confess to a much larger curiosity as to the attitude of Walt Whitman the man towards comradeship and life. Even the reiterated statement of his "cheerfulness" can hardly be said to be exhaustive.

A friend of mine, a man-of-letters, is wont to say that he "only hopes to live long enough to see that Whitman bubble burst." Anyone can recall more than one contemporary critic who will charge across a whole field in pursuit of any ragtag of Whitman that flutters in sight. Even the journals take sides. It would not be difficult to draw up two lists headed "Whitmanite" and "Anti-Whitmanite," and assign to one or the other almost every critical journal of the day

The situation is not to be solved by a sneer. One can only observe respectfully and ponder. There is something a little uncanny about the intense seriousness of the two sides. If the Whitmanites lay themselves open to ridicule by their assertive self-effacement, the Anti-Whitmanites come dangerously near the grotesque in their scathing contempt for this inoffensive man who only wished to "loafe and invite his soul."

"I am not a Comtist nor a Buddhist nor a Whitmanite," a friend writes me. Is the shade of ridicule towards the last class a figment of the fancy? A Whitmanite, it is to be feared, no matter how dignified his bearing, is never taken quite seriously. Perhaps it is the "ite," the remnant of the prejudice that hovers in the minds of men over the Hit-tites, Kenites, Perizzites, Jebusites. Perhaps it is phonetic. While Whitman lived he was never, in spite of the well-intentioned efforts of his friends, a ridiculous figure. The robustness and breeziness of the man put sentimentality where it belonged, and turned childish adulation into decent praise. Even the charity that his admirers brought upon him he accepted with sturdy good humor—and opened a bank-account. But now that Whitman is dead, all this is changed. Now that the head is gone, the decapitated body waves wild members, and calls it eulogy. First there was "In Re," a volume that some of us who admire Whitman's genius cannot even yet open without qualms; and then "Whitman the Man," and then "The Pete Letters," and now, worse and most persistent of all, this Whitman journal. Is it any wonder that Whitman had the foresight to enter protest:

"I call the world to distrust the accounts of my friends,  
but listen to my enemies, as I myself do.  
I charge you forever reject those who would expound me,  
for I cannot expound myself.  
I charge that there be no theory or school founded out of  
me,  
I charge you to leave all free, as I have left all free."

JENNETTE BARBOUR PERRY.

### Parallel Plots

WHEN we consider the innumerable roads and bypaths that fiction has constructed in the land of thought, we wonder, not that so many cross each other, but that so few coincide. It seems that every story has been told, till a master rises to tell a new one; and that so few are similar is a wonderful proof of man's ingenuity.

That stories of different authors should sometimes be alike, is the fatality that hedges genius in. But that one's own stories should resemble each other, must be attributed to carelessness or to a worked-out fancy. In all of Dickens's novels, I recall but one thought he has repeated, word for word. It is where one character exclaims in astonishment, "God bless my soul!" upon which the friend immediately rejoins "Amen!" Either the author considered this rejoinder too neat to perish with but one using, or it came to him afresh as he wrote "Edwin Drood." Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë did not hesitate to hunt up a new dress for an old idea.

Among living authors, Hall Caine is the only one known to me who repeats entire scenes in different books. Notice

the fishing scene, the teasing of the bashful but true-hearted lad and the subsequent remorse of the hero in "The Deemster" and "She's All the World to Me." In both stories, the hero's curly head falls upon the table which is soiled with wine lees and ashes, and in both stories the old toppers file silently out.

But it is the resemblance between stories of different authors which appears most striking. Often it is a similarity of the *motif*, as when the hero of "Daniel Deronda" learns he is of Jewish parentage, and the heroine of "An Imperative Duty" discovers she has African blood in her veins. Less often, there is a similarity between the essential elements of the plots. Two examples of the latter resemblance occur in the recent works of popular authors.

In "Trilby" and "Camille" the hero loves the woman whose own acts have placed her beyond the pale of "respectability," even as fair-weather churchgoers understand that word. In both stories the hero is untrammelled by "conventionalities." In "Trilby" the mother, and in "Camille" the father, persuades the heroine to flee from the hero, who will not desert his post of attack. In both stories this self-sacrifice of the heroine is the pivotal point of the drama, however it may be changed upon the stage; and both stories are lowered from the noble height to which this act has raised them, by the heroine resuming the old life.

"Diana of the Crossways" and "Indiana" begin their careers before the public under the same conditions. Each is married to a cold, irresponsible, middle-aged creature. Each is loved by an imperturbable, faithful Englishman, who hides his love till its declaration is proper. Both Diana and Indiana fall in love with a beautiful and gifted young man, who is eager to take advantage of this foolish infatuation, and both heroines are saved from themselves, to make the imperturbable Englishman happy.

J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS.

### Literature

#### "The Subconscious Self"

*And its Relation to Education and Health. By Louis Waldstein, M.D. Charles Scribner's Sons.*

UNLESS ONE QUARRELS with the first sentence of Dr. Waldstein's "Subconscious Self," he is not likely to quarrel with what follows. "All the knowledge which man has of his surroundings and of himself is derived from impressions received by the different organs of sense, and is conveyed to the brain by means of the connecting nerves."

If it is not true, as some of us would like to believe, that we "come trailing clouds of glory," then the subconscious "impressions received by the different organs of sense" doubtless make up our complete spiritual equipment. Aside from the question of origin, Dr. Waldstein's treatment of the subconscious self is full of interesting suggestion. The sub-title, "Its Relation to Education and Health," indicates the most important function of the little book. It does not pretend to be a philosophical treatise, or even a scientific monograph on the subject. Taking for granted that the reader will accept the theory of the subconscious self—since every one must at some time have been conscious of its manifestation—Dr. Waldstein goes on to show its close affinity with the æsthetic and artistic nature, and its capability of being favorably developed, in children, by harmonious and beautiful surroundings, or, in later life, by the absence of worry and fretfulness. "The surroundings in which the child is taught," he maintains, "are of more im-



portance, in relation to the ultimate degree of culture to be attained, than the lesson; the manner of the teacher than the substance of his teaching." One recalls vividly the typical American school-room: ugly, ill-ventilated barracks; and the typical American teacher, as Judge Grant sketches her, flippant and prettily vulgar. Perhaps the reason that America has few poets, but many practical men of affairs, lies closer at home than we have thought to look. Perhaps, so long as our schools are mills and machine-shops, we can expect only millers and machinists; so long as our teachers are crude high school girls or yet cruder normal school pedants, we may not look for culture as a distinguishing mark of society. Dr. Waldstein's theory ventures to explain also the superiority of country life over city life in the training of children. In the city all the objects that meet the eye are utilitarian in end and carry the mind "away from the appearance of things to what lies beyond them." In the country, on the other hand, the surroundings "impress the child with their perfection in themselves; every work of Nature has its end within itself, and its contemplation carries with it that restful spirit and singleness of purpose, which is as the soul of each crystal, plant, and insect." Those of us who have had the good fortune to pass at least a part of childhood in the country, can bear practical testimony to the fact that this spot of country life is yet "the fountain light of all our day," which yet has power to make the "noisy years seem moments in the being of the eternal silence."

It is largely by appeal to the most common experiences that Dr. Waldstein's little book carries weight. He points out that experiences which are well-nigh universal have their origin in the subconscious self, and that this subconscious self is not a vague, irresponsible mood, but a part of the inner equipment as definite and as capable of being healthfully trained as mind or body. A sound mind in a sound body, plus a sound subconscious self, must go to make up the ideal man.

#### "The Cid Campeador"

*And the Waning of the Crescent in the West. By H. B. Clarke. (Heroes of the Nations.) G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

THE STORY of the Cid is a remarkable example of the fashion in which a great nation has built up out of a semi-legendary figure a huge image of just such qualities as it admires. In Achilles and Agamemnon the Greek saw himself endowed with qualities of which he might justly be proud; in Roland and Beowulf French prowess and Scandinavian ideals were realized on the scale of demi-gods flattering to the national consciousness. Arthur in his soft yet majestic outlines towers as the idealization of some superhuman Celt who combines in himself all the radiant qualities of the race. From the 12th to the 17th centuries the busy imagination of Spain wrought on the wondrous snow-image of Rodrigo de Bibar, the "Cid," moulding it in stern, proud yet tender lines, characteristic of the puissant yet tender Castilian race: an image of itself on its fanatical, poetic, passionate and gloomy sides. Keen and harsh is the air of Spain: *dura tellus Iberia*; grave, grim, frank, tenacious, the Spaniard born and bred on this stepmother soil; but far below in the subterranean depths of both soil and soul lie hidden streams of wealth, golden imagination, a melodious poem-life, intense pride and religious faith, the latent energy of ages. In the Cid all this hidden passion and frenzy came to light, became concrete: the bandit, the murderer, the pillager of churches, the server of Moor and Christian on equal terms—if the pay were good—was seized upon by the old chroniclers and there grew up that wonderful romance of the Cid as recorded in the "Romancero": the faults were condoned or forgotten; the poets took the hero up; Guillen de Castro came, and then the courtly Corneille made the grand old hero spout the flowing Alexandrines of France. The shadowy sinner, looming like a gigantic shadow over Spain and dying in the year

1099, grew into the haloed saint who slept miraculously with lepers without being tainted.

Mr. Clarke has produced a most interesting record of these things—*cosas de España*,—carefully paring out the historic kernel from the environing myth, gleaming what he could from the Arabian annalists (in the wake of Dozy, of course), and illustrating historic localities through the graphic pencil of his friend, Don Santiago Arcos. There are beautiful views and reproductions of churches, cities, gateways, coins, the coffer and coat-of-arms of the "Cid" (which, by the way, Mr. Clarke thinks may be a corruption of an Arabic word meaning "fortunate," rather than the traditional *Seid*, lord), theatres, inscriptions, etc. A more dramatic and animated volume might, to be sure, have been made out of so thrilling a subject; perhaps it is a pity that it was not; but the author, on the whole, seems to have made a sober use of his authorities (yet see four misspelt titles on p. xiii), and his volume is a decided addition to our libraries. We would have wished especially an entire chapter devoted to the Cid in literature: for did he not kindle the flames of Corneille's genius?

#### Tourgueneff's Novels

*Dream Tales. The Torrents of Spring. Translated from the Russian by Constance Gurnett. The Macmillan Co.*

THE CRUMBS that fall from the table of a great writer are often more savory than the heaped-up dishes of the banquet-table itself. A peculiarly subtle art thus breathes from "Dream Tales, and Other Prose Poems," not found, perhaps, for some reasons in "Rudin" or "Fathers and Children" or "Virgin Soil." To a sensitive nostril an impalpable touch of odor suggests a living organism close by more powerfully than ounces of ambergris. Tourgueneff's Slav temperament breathes palpably out of all he has written. "Dream Tales" reveals a rather uncanny side of it, for dreamland is the sick side of human life where spiritual energies become ultra-intensified and the healthy equilibrium of soul and flesh topples over. Four of the "Dream Tales" in Vol. X. circle about this nebulous core—love in dreams, love-charm inexplicable, crime committed in sleep, unrequited love magnetically communicated, frenzied nature unsullied by the searing contact of a sudden passion kindled in a dreamlike condition. Tourgueneff's diagnosis of such cases is always interesting and artistic,—his "percussion" of the heartstrings is almost infallible. Still the healthy reader may be excused from liking "Clara Militch" or "The Dream," the latter based upon an obscure physiological problem already discussed by the elder Dumas in one of the Marie Antoinette romances and involved by Tourgueneff in a network of artistic improbabilities.

"The Torrents of Spring" begins beautifully and is pervaded by true Italian passion and sunshine until the lover is borne off his feet by a whirlwind of folly just as the crown and consummation of his love is about to take place. Tourgueneff is always particularly strong in his women: Gemma in this tale is a strong and noble creature, thrown in contact with a soft-hearted fool who casts her away for a certain Maria Nikolaeona of Slav serf antecedents, without any special reason for it. A fine, gracious tale is thus ruined, and the reader throws down the book in deep disappointment at the wretched dénouement. "First Love" and "Mumu" are both charming original short tales, the latter the story of a huge deaf-and-dumb brute of a Slav and his inarticulate love of a dog and a woman, as if some monstrous stone image of a Father Nilus had suddenly been smitten with love-longing and begun a series of giant contortions in Venus's net. A boy's shy, shadowy first love is well adumbrated in the other tale, which contains, however, things impossible to other than Slav nationalities, such as striking a beloved object, etc. Nearly all Tourgueneff's novels contain remnants of this sort of pre-historic brutality hanging to their skirts, and showing incidentally the curious position of the race in the scale of civilization.

### "A Handbook of European History"

1876-1897. By Arthur Hassall, M. A. The Macmillan Co.

MR. HASSALL belongs to the group of Oxford tutors that has done very much in recent years to make the knowledge of history more accessible to the young student and general reader. We are now indebted to him for a handbook of European history, covering fourteen centuries. The arrangement of the material differs essentially from that of Ploetz's "Epitome." The work is arranged on chronological and national lines. Opening the book at any place we find the two exposed pages subdivided by horizontal lines into four parts, one devoted respectively to Germany, one to France, one to England, and one to the minor European states. The French and German columns are about twice as broad as the other two—what we find on these columns can best be explained by taking a concrete instance. Thus on pages 238-239, we find concise, bald statements of the chief political events in France, England, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Italy, Sweden, Holland and Germany during the years 1763 to 1766. This arrangement has many advantages, of which the chief is that contemporaneous events can be seen at a glance. In this respect the work is in a measure unique. As constitutional history is a slow and gradual process, whose various stages cannot be marked off by dates, this side of European history has inevitably been neglected. Practically only political facts are recorded in this handbook. The first requirement of such a book is accuracy. This Mr. Hassall's work seems to have. We say "seems," because it is impossible to declare with absolute surety that it is accurate. Long and continued use is the only sure test of accuracy in such a work. In addition, it contains many valuable genealogies, and lists of sovereigns.

We predict that the work will find favor among all classes as a convenient and handy book of reference.

### "Social England"

Vol. VI. 1815-1885. Edited by H. D. Traill. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A FREQUENTLY misquoted Latin quotation about the shoemaker sticking to his last could well be applied to Mr. Traill. This is not the place to expand on his merits or demerits as a literary critic, but if he is to be criticized seriously, it is not as an historian, but as a man-of-letters. The qualities that make a successful editor of a literary paper are not those that will enable a man to keep in hand a group of specialists contributing to a huge scientific undertaking. That this work has been a failure is due in the main to Mr. Traill. It is true that his contributors are in most cases not the best authorities, but on the other hand the articles *per se*, though rarely remarkable, are as a rule good. Mr. Traill knows something of English history—his monograph in the Twelve English Statesmen Series on William III proves this,—but he does not know enough to keep his contributors in control. He does not perceive clearly what he wishes done, and has failed to apportion out the separate parts in such a way as to get an harmonious whole. The result is the omission of important sides of the subject, diffusive treatment of insignificant matters, and in general a lack of symmetry.

This is the general characteristic of the preceding volumes, and is, if anything, more marked in this, the concluding one. When we glance at the social development of England during this century, three facts stand out prominently: the growth of democratic ideas, the enormous expansion of English commerce, and the ever increasing value and importance of the colonial system.

Yet all these social facts are inadequately treated, barely touched upon, while fullest details are given of the food, dress, and other social trifles of the day. We learn that in 1824 the tails of men's coats were shorter, and that at the same time the frock coat made its appearance. But a few pages only are devoted to the growth of England's enor-

mous empire in South Africa. Miss Bateson is not to be blamed for her articles on dress and social manners; they are well done and worthy of praise. But Mr. Traill is to be blamed for allowing them to occupy so disproportionately large an amount of space. In fact, if we forget what this work purports to be, and regard it merely as a collection of detached essays on various sides of a given period of national history, we have immediately a much higher opinion of it. No period is completely and symmetrically treated, but the student will often refer to various articles for facts not easily accessible elsewhere. As a work of reference, "Social England" is of use and value; as an exposition of the social life of England in all its aspects, it is a failure.

### "The Polychrome Bible"

*The Sacred Books of the Old and New Testaments. Edited, with the assistance of Horace Howard Furness, by Paul Haupt. Part 7. Judges, translated by G. F. Moore. Part 10. Isaiah, trans. by T. K. Cheyne. Part 14. The Book of Psalms, trans. by J. Wellhausen. Englished by H. H. Furness, John Taylor and J. A. Patterson. Dodd, Mead & Co.*

"HOLY BIBLE, Polychrome Edition," appears on the back of these volumes. They are described by their most striking characteristic. The "chromatic" feature consists in the use of colors to indicate the results of literary analysis. Thus, editorial additions to the genuine Isaiah appear in light blue; later poetic and prophetic insertions, in light red; the second Isaiah's work is in dark red, and later additions appear in dark purple and dark blue. The genuine Isaiah is uncolored. All the types are black, and the various colors are laid on in blocks,—a vast improvement over the plan once attempted by another hand, of varying the colors of the type. In the Book of Psalms no colors have been used. The dates of the Psalms are so diverse and so uncertain, that they could hardly have been indicated by any series of colors, and for the analysis of particular Psalms other devices are employed. The notes appended to the volumes do not treat of details, so much as they try to indicate the connection and development of thought, and discuss briefly important questions of archaeology and history. The pictorial illustrations have been selected with some care, and the execution is generally good. They are real illustrations, and, as such, helpful. The source of many of them is given. It would be better if this had been done in all cases.

The "Polychrome Edition" of the Old Testament is intended to be the English counterpart of the Critical Edition of the Hebrew Text, of which eight or ten parts have appeared under Prof. Haupt's editorship since 1893. The same scholars treat the same books in these two works. The use of colors is the same. Simultaneous publication has not been possible—neither Isaiah nor Judges has yet appeared in the Hebrew Edition,—and yet the two series belong intimately together. In the issue of the Hebrew text we are referred to the notes of the English translation for argument in behalf of the literary analysis, while the textual changes on which the translation is based are explained, and their justification sought, in the notes on the Hebrew text. Textual emendation is a marked feature of the work. In many, perhaps most cases, the English reader learns only in a very general way why the text is emended. This is doubtless to a large extent a necessary limitation. Certainly the English can be better used, by laymen, without the edition containing the Hebrew text, than the latter can be employed, by scholars, without the English edition.

In the list of contributors one misses some well-known names—precluded, no doubt, from a share in the work by ill health, or that pressure which rests upon the leaders of an exacting science whose devotees are all too few. But on the whole the company is representative and strong. Of the thirty-eight, sixteen are British scholars, thirteen Germans, and nine Americans, by birth or residence. It is an international work. Scholars vary, both in their scholarship and



in their conception of an enterprise like this. Of the three whose work is now before us, all are highly gifted and accomplished, but Wellhausen falls below Cheyne and Moore in the value of his results. His treatment of the text is not thoroughgoing, his notes are rather meagre, his remarks upon the dates of the Psalms few and insufficient. He seems to have underestimated, if not the intelligence of those to whom the work is meant to appeal, at least their interest in literary and critical questions. Both Cheyne and Moore address themselves to readers of intelligence and trained mental habit, and such readers will find immense stimulus and help from them.

The method of the work has given large scope to the individuality of the different contributors. It cannot be said to offer a critical consensus on particular points. Original investigation and fresh opinion underlie it. Each man works in view of all that has been done, but no man is fettered by what has been done. This, for the purpose in view, is both an advantage and a disadvantage. It is an advantage, in that it secures, in each part, the freshest thought of a competent scholar. It is a disadvantage, in that the present swift movement of Old Testament study does not offer sure guarantees for the permanence of all its results. There is a steady progress, and there will be no general retreat, but every such advance has its pioneers who take up scouting-positions, not always to be maintained. These remarks are not intended in disparagement, but rather in closer definition. The value of the Polychrome Bible outweighs its disadvantages. It will be welcomed by the increasing number of careful students of the Bible, who desire not simply to receive, but to know,—those who are to be captains and lieutenants in the onward march of Biblical study,—and even by some among the non-commissioned officers. It is not to be dumped upon a congregation or Sunday-school class. Nor does it contain any answer to the difficult question, how to bring the results of criticism to the untrained mind. But the teachers who are able to use it will gain knowledge and strength from it.

The English of the translations has all passed under the eye of Dr. Horace Howard Furness. It was well that such a plan should be adopted, and such a choice made. The result is, on the whole, satisfactory. To a large degree the stateliness and the quaintness of King James's Version have been retained. Occasionally, where they could not be, one finds a phrase which seeks to be choice and becomes artificial. But it is usually good English, speaking to the mind.

The Polychrome Bible is a sign of the times. Opinions about the Old Testament are still in a state of upheaval. Simple acquiescence in the traditional can no longer be, nor can any set of critical opinions claim such acquiescence. Much time will pass before any Polychrome Bible can be substituted for the Authorized and Revised Versions now in use. Neither the Old Testament nor the New Testament now invites men to go to sleep, hugging the views which have been passed on to them. There are restless and wearisome days ahead. The advance of truth means mental effort, diminution of repose, for those who follow as well as those that lead. But then, it is an advance of truth, and that is a compensation.

#### "The Christian Topography"

*Of Cosmas, an Egyptian Monk. London: Bernard Quaritch. New York: Morton, Bliss & Co.*

CLOTHED in the familiar sky-blue and gold of the Hakluyt Society's publications, comes an engaging translation of the book of Cosmas Indicopleustis. This book, whose English title is "The Christian Topography of Cosmas, an Egyptian Monk," is one of those works much referred to but little read. The India-traversing pilgrim of the fifth century wrote in Greek, and his work is one of the prodigies of literature. Disgusted with the heathen notions of the earth, he set himself, with bold and perverse ingenuity, to construct

an impossible theory of the universe out of a long array of irrelevant scripture texts. He depicted the heaven as vaulted, having its extremities bound together with the extremities of the earth. To his mind the earth was in the form of a mountain and to its extremities, on the four sides, the heaven was fastened, making the figure of a cube. Above this cubic mass, the heaven curved in the form of an oblong vault, becoming as it were a vast canopy. The firmament was fastened to the heaven. Thus there was, so to speak, the earth, the heavens and the top-story or chamber—the firmament above the earth. Along with his text, he furnished many sketches or pictures of his theory. These, neatly and clearly reproduced by photographic process, are bound up with this work. Occasionally we find geographical descriptions which may be of some use, but the main value of the work is to show how perversely men can handle both the facts and the scripture language, when their minds are dominated by a special theory. As we read on, we can see how tremendously this work influenced mediæval theology. It also enables us to understand how tenaciously unscientific notions are still held by those who snort at demonstrations which disturb and jostle their hereditary notions. The translation seems to be very spirited and exact. There is a good index, and we are glad to learn that the affairs of the Hakluyt Society, which publishes these admirable volumes, are prospering and that American members and subscribers are increasing in number.

#### Two Books of Travel

1. *Islands of the Southern Seas. By Michael M. Shoemaker.*
2. *On Blue Water. By Edmondo de Amicis. G. P. Putnam's Sons*

MR. SHOEMAKER'S sizable volume (1) covers many thousands of miles of travel, from San Francisco to Hawaii, Samoa, New Zealand, Tasmania, Australia and Java; therefore his 266 pages are none too many to do justice to what he saw and what he endeavors to make his readers see through his eyes. The limitations of space must have made themselves felt time and again, yet their pressure is not noticed by the reader, who gains a goodly amount of information, but, above all, a clear perception of what would be in store for him, should he be fortunate enough to follow in Mr. Shoemaker's—what shall we say? certainly not footsteps—well, in his wake, on the slow steamers that plow the imposing wastes of the Pacific Ocean. The text is excellently illustrated throughout, the pictures in every instance being of value as supplementary information. We are thankful for the portrait of Father Damien, the martyr of Oceania, as we are for the frontispiece picture of the tomb of his defender—Damien needed a defender!—Robert Louis Stevenson. Then there is a view of the tomb of the Belgian priest, under the walls of the mission he founded, and of the leper settlement of Molokai, sombre with its background of unsurmountable cliff.

All this at the very beginning of the trip, and of the book. New Zealand is all too little known, and the author adds considerably to our knowledge of it, and of the Maoris. He grows enthusiastic over the natural beauties and wonderful climate of Tasmania, and draws a picture of the horrors of the old convict life that sticks in the memory. Australia occupies several chapters, and then Java is reached. This pearl of the Indian archipelago has suddenly emerged from its unexplainable obscurity, and our author's complaint that he was "unable to obtain any guide-book to Java in any language save that of Holland," is no longer true, seeing that Miss Scidmore's excellent book of travel in the island has been recently published. Mr. Shoemaker's volume should find a place on the shelf of every globe-trotter, even though he be only one of those who do their trotting in an armchair by the inglenook.

"On Blue Water" (2) is simply the record of a trip from Genoa to Buenos Ayres, made by the author in an emigrant steamer. The interest of the book lies entirely in the vivid sketches of character in cabin and steerage, in deep insight and clear intuition. This is, indeed, one of De Amicis's best books—a work that, notwithstanding his reputation among us, inclines us to believe that we do not properly appreciate his talent. Of course, the mass of people herded together for nearly three weeks on board the *Galileo*, was largely Italian—from all parts of the kingdom, but mostly peasants; and incidentally the author tells

us how much the aspiration of their rulers to make Italy a great power has cost the poor people in misery, starvation and even death. He voices the disenchantment that succeeded the high hopes of the new-born kingdom in its early years, but points out wherein these hopes were deceptive from the first. Most of the book is in lighter vein, however, a touch of gentle humor playing around all the writer's traveling companions, illuminating their foibles and peculiarities without rendering them ridiculous, and bringing out, with warm, generous sympathy, their good traits and virtues. The author's consummate mastery of his art is seen in the lightness of touch, the utter absence of the sense of effort in a narrative that contains far more and far more clearly individualized characters than do most novels.

#### "An Introduction to American Literature"

By Henry S. Pancoast. Henry Holt & Co.

PROF. H. S. Pancoast's "Introduction to American Literature" is on the same plan as his earlier book on English Literature, and deserves similar commendation. The day of the old-fashioned manuals of literature, which were little more than a dry list of hundreds of authors, with a meagre summary of the main facts in their lives and an enumeration of their works, has now happily gone by. The volume before us is one of the best on the better plan of to-day, which treats the greater authors at sufficient length to make their personality real and vivid, to discuss their chief works somewhat critically, and at the same time to give an idea of the relations of literary history to the history of the people. With this view, in the present work, the history of our literature is considered under three divisions, corresponding to the main periods in our political history: the Colonial Period (about 1607 to 1765); the Establishment of Nationality (about 1765 to 1815); and the Literature of the Republic (about 1809 to the present time). The first and second periods are treated, as was natural, somewhat briefly (pp. 1-112); the third more fully (pp. 113-333). The authors take as representatives of the third period—Irrving, Cooper, Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and others—get from ten to fifteen pages each; "minor writers," in limited number, are grouped in chapters of about the same length. The work is done with excellent taste and judgment, and the book will interest the general reader, while it will be useful as a school text-book. It is illustrated with thirteen portraits of authors, Ben Franklin being honored with the frontispiece.

#### "Journeys Through France"

By H. A. Taine. Henry Holt & Co.

GREAT MEN labor under correspondingly great difficulties to maintain their reputations. Every scrap of writing, no matter how immature and ephemeral must be raked up, and put on the shelf as part of the "Complete Works of——." Carlyle's conventional encyclopædia articles, the mechanical drudgery of a literary day-worker, were recently published, and to the list of such unnecessary, and even heartless books, must now be added Taine's notes made during his travels throughout France in the early sixties. In the performance of his official duties, Taine traveled from one end of France to the other, from Teutonic Artois to Celtic Brittany, thence through Bordeaux, Toulouse, Marseilles, Lyons and Strasbourg back to Paris. At every little city—we have mentioned only the chief ones—Taine stopped and wrote down his impressions of the town, its society, its morals, and, if it had a museum or gallery, he would take full memoranda of the pictures and other objects of art. This same trip Taine made three times within a short space of time, and the notes taken on these three separate occasions form the volume before us. If Taine had not become the Taine of "La Littérature Anglaise" and "L'Ancien Régime," this volume would probably never have been published, and if published it would have been forgotten ere the printer's-ink was dry. For it contains absolutely nothing of value, and is not even of interest as showing its author's intellectual development. No one would surmise that the writer of these notes had already well-nigh completed his monumental and brilliant work on English literature. There is no sign of his marvelous powers of generalization, no trace of his acute critical ability. All that we can see is a sort of cynical pessimism as to France and her future, and an intense admiration for England and her institutions. Yet the book in parts is interesting and will be read by many on account of Taine's name.

#### "Literary Love-Letters"

And Other Stories. By Robert Herrick. Charles Scribner's Sons.

EXTREME FINISH is the characteristic of Mr. Herrick's work, but also other things—for example, chill; so that one is tempted, at times, to suppress two words in the famous description of Maud, and say that Mr. Herrick is "icily null." And yet, that would not be quite fair. These stories are sometimes provoking, but they are always clever, and the title story, at least, is literature. That bunch of letters which passed between Eastlake and Edith Armstrong—two people who may, or may not, have been in love, but who certainly did not marry—is a piece of analytical low relief too good for praise. "A Question in Art," the record of how an uninteresting woman exhausted her emotional nature in the task of buoying up, through years of unsuccess, a thoroughly unaffectionate painter, is almost as subtle as is the title story, and to the general reader it will seem stronger because more definite. It is a cold and skilful variation of "The Vampire." The remainder of the volume is less successful. However, in "Payment in Full" and "The Price of Romance," Mr. Herrick shows that he can tell a story, in the strict sense of spinning a yarn, with good effect; though his characters, in the former case, are little more than types, and in the latter, his material is too profuse for his form. But we are pained to note that the most recent of Mr. Herrick's stories—for he has thoughtfully dated them all, thus saving us, in our zeal for minute study of him, much troubling speculation—is, at once, the most ambitious and the least successful. In "Mare Morto" he has tried to depict the baffling metamorphosis wrought by the spell of Europe in a certain sort of American. In the *mare morto*, what ought otherwise to be a handsome, healthy western girl has been made over into something fascinating and inexplicable—like an exhumed marble of the Greek decay, stained richly with the earth. But Mr. Herrick must rewrite this story, at greater length, before it will express him.

#### A New Edition of Bulwer-Lytton's "Harold"

Longmans, Green & Co.

IT WAS A happy thought to make a series of historical novels, arranged chronologically under the reigns of English sovereigns, as in the "Library of Historical Novels and Romances," edited by Mr. George L. Gomme. The idea is to select the best works of fiction covering the successive periods, and to bring them out in uniform style, with introductions giving concisely the evidence for the events of the story, and pointing out the variations from real history which the author has introduced. The costumes, weapons, manners and customs, and other characteristics of the time will also be described; and the historical connection from volume to volume of the series will be pointed out. The first issue is Bulwer-Lytton's "Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings," than which no better selection for the period of the Norman Conquest could have been made. The introduction fills forty-two pages, and the glossary and notes thirty-seven more, illustrated with interesting full-page reproductions of parts of the Bayeux tapestry, cuts from Fairholt's "Costumes of England," etc. It is not intended to issue the books in chronological order, but the gaps in the historical sequence will be gradually filled up, so that the complete series will form a connected popular history of England, with an intermingling of fiction which cannot fail to make it more interesting, especially to young people, than the ordinary works on history, while the liberties taken by the novelist will be noted, and the objections sometimes urged against fiction of this kind will be obviated. It has been said that a perfect historical novel is impossible, but the same is true of other historical works; and the novel, if really well done, presents the facts of history most vividly and impressively. Critics may pick flaws in such narratives, whether by Scott, Bulwer-Lytton, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, or other of the best writers in this line; but the fact remains that, aside from their interest and merit as novels, they have a positive educational value. This new series of such novels, as the reader will see by the features of its plan which we have mentioned, is particularly to be commended to teachers and parents as excellent reading for their pupils and children, whose regular studies in English history will be more profitable, as well as more enjoyable, if these novels are put into their hands at the same time. Several more volumes of the series will be published soon.



### "Street Cleaning"

*And the Disposal of a City's Wastes.* George E. Waring, Jr. Doubleday & McClure Co.

IT IS with profound regret that we remark, at the outset of this review, that Col. Waring's papers on "Street Cleaning" should have been revised, as to moods and tenses, before being put in book-form. For, unhappily, his present tense has become our past; and the past of Tammany street-cleaning is our present; and as for the future—well, the recent incipient blizzard has demonstrated what we are to expect. But the good that men do lives after them: we shall probably never again see our streets obstructed by trucks; and as to the dirt, it will certainly be a full year before our lower East Side thoroughfares present again their old-time appearance of hillocks of foulest refuse. But that is all. For the rest we can only thank Col. Waring for what he has taught us, bow to Col. Brown, who strained at the gnat and swallowed the camel, but at any rate spared us Senator Grady as District Attorney, and then with resignation repeat under our breaths the slogan which 200,000 of us deliberately chose as their own, "To h—ll with reform!"

Col. Waring found, on his acceptance of the post of Commissioner of Street-Cleaning, a street-cleaning department and no clean streets. The story of his energetic actions is too well known to be reviewed here. Opposed by organized labor, fought by pensioners, *persona non grata* for quite a while with the head of the reform administration, he achieved wonders. He gave us clean streets—such as Berlin and Vienna and Birmingham and Budapest consider matters of course,—he organized a dirty, undisciplined, lazy band into a self-respecting body of workmen, and he taught the mass of our citizens—dwellers in tenements and flats and apartment-houses—the advantages of a scientific disposition of garbage. That lesson will not soon be forgotten: even our janitors have come to see its advantages, and it is perhaps this knowledge instilled by him that will eventually give us back our self-respect and a government that is worthy of the second city of the world.

The ex-Commissioner's book is not a record of his own term of office and its achievements. It is, rather, a scientific dissertation on street-cleaning as it should be practised. It shows, however, the work done by him and his well-drilled little army, and as such is a melancholy souvenir of one of the most efficient officers with whom the reform wave blessed, for a while, misgoverned, robbed and dirty New York.

### Books of Interest to Language Students

AS STATED in the preface to Prof. W. B. Ker's "Epic and Romance," these essays on mediæval literature are intended as a general description of some of the principal forms of narrative literature in the Middle Ages. The author confesses that many serious difficulties have been evaded and many things taken for granted. This he has done in the belief that there seemed to be certain results available for criticism, apart from the more strict and scientific procedure which is required to solve the more difficult problems of Beowulf, or of the old Northern or the old French poetry; and in the hope that something might be gained by a less minute and exacting consideration of the whole field and by an attempt to bring the more distant and dissociated parts of the subject into relation with one another. A good deal can be said in favor of such a method, especially when a popular audience is in mind. Still, difficulties are not overcome by ignoring them, and many general views and theories disappear into thin air on the application of scientific study to certain apparently unimportant matters of detail. Nevertheless, Prof. Ker is an original thinker of no mean power of expression, and his book will doubtless be an inspiration to many. (Macmillan Co.)

IN HIS "Brief History of the English Language," Prof. O. F. Emerson of Western Reserve University has given us an abridgment of his larger book on the subject. Both books are of a high grade. Prof. Emerson makes no claim to be an original worker in this field of study; he is, however, a careful and faithful student of the best literature on the subject and has compiled books that, in all essentials, are trustworthy. This is saying a good deal when we remember that books on this subject that are meant for general learners are usually far from reliable. Most of them are written by men who have a taste for such studies but not the requisite scholarly training. Those books often have

a peculiar charm—they attract but mislead. It has been truly said that a learner whose ideas of philology were first obtained from such a book as Earle's "Philology of the English Tongue" can never be cured. For this reason books like Emerson's are to be heartily welcomed, even if one regrets that they are a trifle dry. For most students, even those in college, the briefer book will be found the better. (Macmillan Co.)

"THE STUDENT'S DICTIONARY of Anglo-Saxon," by Henry Sweet, a handy volume of some 200 pages, has been recognized by Old-English scholars with heartfelt gratitude. It is primarily intended for the student, who has waited long indeed for a dictionary fit to use. But the book is of prime importance to the scholar as well. The consciousness that, in the vast majority of cases, the book may be trusted, is, to say the least, a matter of great convenience to the busy worker. Sweet's books are always welcome, but they usually contain one or more tantalizing elements. He is in sympathy with the so-called Neogrammarians, but he persists in using in his books a classification of his own that puts his books out of joint with all the others with which they are sure to be used. This applies particularly to the classification of the strong verbs. Furthermore, when he insists on the order nom., acc., dat., gen., he may be following an arrangement that is ideally better than the traditional accidental one, but so long as there is no prospect whatever of displacing the latter, he simply causes the learner (who has the other scheme indelibly imprinted on his mind by his study of Greek, Latin, or German) much trouble and confusion, and puts one more stumbling-block in the way of pupil and teacher. The paper of this volume is handsome but unnecessarily stiff; and in subsequent editions must surely be replaced by such as is fit to write on with pen and ink. (Macmillan Co.)

### Bishop Spalding's "Thoughts and Theories"

THE Catholic Bishop of Peoria has written another charming little book, of that grave, urbane sort, which is filled with the same quiet richness that inheres in the presence of a noble old gentleman. Bishop Spalding can hardly be called an original writer; you have heard before much that he will tell you here; but in the tone, the style, in all the vestments of his thought, there is a great charm. Here speaks again that older attitude toward education of which America has heard very little since Emerson. This is the gospel, not of daring originality, but of ripe culture. In "Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education" is a timely reassertion of the truth that education has no value except so far as it establishes character; a serene denial of all meretricious, popular faith in "short and easy" methods; a rejection, in calm eloquence, of every scale of judgment except a divine one. To some people, indeed, there will be moments when Bishop Spalding is a little too distinctly the ecclesiastic, but no one will find these moments frequent. Taken as a whole his book is a strenuous reassertion in directions where reassertion is the crying need of the day.

### "A Sketch of Jewish History"

THIS SMALL VOLUME is a translation of a series of lectures delivered in Berlin by the learned Dr. Gustav Karpeles. In a little over a hundred small pages of large type and generous margins he has given the world an excellent sketch of the history of the Jewish race from prehistoric times down to the present day. Dr. Karpeles's standpoint is a sane one, and his intimate acquaintance with the details of his subject has in no degree confused his sketch of the general development. To use a trite comparison, we can see the woods despite the presence of the trees. The most interesting part of the booklet is that devoted to the centuries after the fall of Jerusalem, that is, after the disappearance of the Jewish state. Especially valuable are the remarks on the contributions of the Jews to mediæval science, art and philosophy. The rôle played by the Jews in Mohammedan Spain and their influence on European civilization and little appreciated by the world at large. The lectures have no permanent value, but are worthy of the hour, or two necessary to read them. They are very suggestive, and bring back to the conscious self many facts that are dormant in subconsciousness. (Jewish Publication Society of America.)

### The Lounger

NOW THAT I have made it known that the author of "The Gadfly" is a woman, I am asked where she gets so unusual a name as Voynich. I may answer this inquiry by saying that her name is not Voynich. Her husband is a Pole, and his name is Woynicz, at least that is the Polish of it. Voynich is easier for English tongues, as the spelling Modjeska is easier than that of the distinguished actress's name in Polish, which is *Modrzejewska*. Mr. Voynich is a Polish patriot who was exiled to Siberia, but managed to make his escape from that dreary land much broken in health. It is on account of his ill health that he and his wife spend so much time in Italy.

THE DEATH of Miss Frances E. Willard is a distinct loss to the work of women all over the world. There is no one to take her place. Though I met Miss Willard only once, we were the best of friends and were correspondents for several years. Curiously enough, though we were both Americans it was in a foreign country that we met for the first and last time. She was staying with her friend, Lady Henry Somerset, at Reigate Priory, where I spent a delightful Sunday not long ago. On the Priory grounds Lady Henry had a cottage which was Miss Willard's home when she was in England. The cottage was built by Lady Henry for herself while extensive alterations were making at the Priory. When the Priory was in order the cottage was turned over to Miss Willard. If I ever build again I shall ask Lady Henry for the plans of that cottage. She designed it herself, and anything so pretty in the way of cottage architecture I have seldom seen.

I HAVE SEEN IT stated in one of the papers that when in Europe Miss Willard drank wine at her meals. I doubt this. She did not do so at either of the meals I had with her at the Priory, but confined herself, as did Lady Henry, to Apollinaris, though there was wine on the table; for Lady Henry does not force her guests to accept her own principles or imitate her own practices. And then the Priory is also the home of her son, Mr. Somers Somerset, who is not necessarily a total abstainer because his mother is.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL has done much to encourage the writing of books, and now I feel that he has done much to encourage the writing of plays. In a recent number of *The British Weekly*, in one of his "Claudius Clear" articles, he tells of the small sales of poetry, and then, to give literature a better standing commercially than it would seem to have, in the line of verse, he tells of the wonderful successes made by playwrights. Speaking of novel-writing, he says that 20,000*l.* is the highest price ever paid to an author for one book. A tidy sum, indeed, but one seldom earned. An ordinarily successful novelist can never hope to make more than 2,000*l.* a year by his pen, and he may thank his stars if he makes that much. The dramatist is luckier, according to Dr. Nicoll. "A really popular play has its run in London, in the provinces, in America, in Australia, and it may be translated and have a run in other countries. It will bring to the author first and last about 60,000*l.*"

DR. NICOLL is sanguine. Mr. Bronson Howard is one of the most successful playwrights, and yet I am safe in saying that he never made \$300,000 out of any one play. Sardou is, I suppose, the most successful playwright in the world, but even he never made that much money out of one play. If he has made it out of three or four, he has done well. The most that he has

received from any one actress has been from Miss Fanny Davenport, and I do not suppose that, from all the plays she has had from him, she has paid him more than \$250,000. Of course his plays are played by Mme. Bernhardt also, but they do not pay any such prices in France as we do in America. The most I have ever heard of a play earning was something over a million dollars, supposed to have been made out of "Charley's Aunt"; but that was not made by the author. What he made is not worth mentioning.

THOUGH DR. NICOLL encourages the novelist and the playwright, he certainly does not encourage the poet. At least he does not hold out to him the prospect of any golden reward. The utmost that a poet can hope to make is, in England, 160*l.* from one book. And yet a poet is supposed to put more of himself into his work than any other literary worker does. To quote from Dr. Nicoll:—

"These volumes, be it remembered, small as they are, represent much. They are the quintessence of thought and feeling. A man's life goes into them. He cannot produce them frequently. If he did the falling off would be detected instantly, and the reputation would be gone. Well, what does this mean? It means that nobody can hope as things are at present to earn more than 200*l.* a year for poetry. The dramatist may be putting 60,000*l.* into his pocket and the novelist 15,000*l.*, while the poor poet puts in 200*l.* And even to do this is most exceptional luck. Nobody will do it, I venture to say, three years running. Another thing to be considered is that editors now care very little for poetry. They are intent upon what will maintain or extend their circulation. I have heard of fair prices being paid for poems here and there, but it is to be noted that *The Strand*, the most popular of our magazines, and others also in a position to pay good prices, refuse to insert poetry on any terms."

IF DR. NICOLL thinks that the mills of the gods are going to grind any slower for this warning, he does not know the millers. When a man gets the verse-writing bee in his bonnet, you might as well try to whistle down the wind as to stop him. He is above the greed of gain. Leave him with his sonnets, for he is happy; and, after all, what more do you want than happiness?

I HAD AN interesting talk recently with a well-known actress on the subject of stage successes, and was surprised to hear of the enormous sums made out of plays, not by the authors, but by the actors and managers. What surprised me the most, however, was to learn how very little of that money stuck to the fingers of those who earned it. It was not that it was squandered by either actors or managers, but that failure so often followed success. While there are few things in the world that earn more money than a successful play, there are few that lose money faster than a play that is not successful. It is a financial quicksand. There are actors now "on the road" who barely make a living, yet in their day have made fortunes. I think that if I ever made one fortune I should be satisfied and not try to make another; but then we can never tell what we will do till we are tempted, and I have never been tempted in that way.

I AM SO SURE my readers will be interested in this item from the London *Daily Chronicle*, that I quote it in full:—

"Surgeon Lieut.-Colonel McFall, whose death took place at Warrington, on Tuesday last, was, of course, the husband of the lady who prefers to be known as 'Madame Sarah Grand.' For some time past matrimonial incompatibility has kept husband and wife apart, but despite this, and a shrewd suspicion that he figured not too favorably in some of his wife's books, the deceased officer was a reader and admirer of them, and had them all in a place of honor on his shelves. One of his sons, also in the army,



was married a few weeks ago; and another, Mr. Chambers McFall, is a journalist and illustrator.

"Surgeon Lieut-Colonel McFall had lived to be sixty-six years of age, and a third of his life was spent in the discharge of his military-medical duties in India, where he encountered the cholera three times in its attack on our troops, and did so well the little mortal man can do to mitigate the scourge as to be mentioned in dispatches. When, as a widower, he married the lady since known as Madame Sarah Grand, he was at least twice her age, and he had two sons, of whom one was her senior, and the other her contemporary. The only child of his second marriage is also a son, now some twenty-three years of age, who has adopted the stage as a profession."

IN THE SECOND instalment of his "Social Political Satire" in the March *Harper's*, Mr. Du Maurier tells about the loss of his eye. It was a serious loss, as one may well imagine, particularly to an artist; but Du Maurier touches upon it lightly. "Perhaps," he says, "it was the eye with which I used to do the funny caricatures; it was a very good eye, much the better of the two, and the other has not improved by having to do a double share of the work." He mentions this misfortune, not as an excuse for his "shortcomings and failures" (for them, he says, there is no excuse), "but as a reason why I have abstained from the treatment of so much that is so popular, delightful, and exhilarating in English country life and sports." No one can accuse Du Maurier of having carried his heart upon his sleeve, although he seemed to wear it there. For all his confiding ways, he never weeps on your shoulder.

THE ENGLISH PERIODICALS are having a good deal of fun over Mr. Samuel Butler's book, "The Authoress of the Odyssey," in which Mr. Butler maintains that the "Odyssey" is the work, not of Homer or any other man, but of a Sicilian girl of the name of Nausicaa, whose portrait accompanies his book. It is hard to know whether Mr. Butler is serious or joking; at any rate, he has attracted sufficient attention to his claim to satisfy him, if that is what he set out to do. Mr. Butler may be right; but if a woman did write the "Odyssey," she is the first and last of her sex to make a success with blank-verse.

WHEN DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON had reached the age of forty-five or fifty, he tested the vigor of his mind by attempting to learn a language that he had never studied before. It was Dutch, if I recollect aright; and the Great Cham was delighted to find that his mental faculties were still unimpaired. What shall we say, then, of the mental vigor of a man knowing no other tongue than English, who in his old age takes up the study of three foreign languages, and masters them sufficiently to make their reading his most congenial recreation. Such a man was the late Amos R. Eno, of this city, who died last Monday at the age of eighty-seven. Mr. Eno had amassed a large fortune—partly as a merchant, but mainly by the increase in real-estate values, the Fifth Avenue Hotel being one of his many holdings,—when at sixty years or upwards he amused himself by learning Latin, French and Italian, with no other aid than the dictionaries afforded. This was certainly a remarkable achievement.

THE WORD "fact" is frequently used in a very queer way, even by writers of distinction. I could give a hundred instances. One example, however, will suffice, and that I take from Froude's "History of England," Vol. IV, page 493:—"If Pole's fact is true, his conclusion from it is unanswerable." Now, a fact is always true. Mr. Froude should have written "statement" or "assertion." Perhaps this inane employment of the word fact is condoned on the plea of "general usage"—a plea by means of which a great many verbal crimes escape just punishment.

IT IS OF THE first importance that any one who means to contribute to the fund for the purchase of a part of the Elmwood estate as a Lowell Memorial Park should send in his name and the amount of his contribution by March 1—and that to this end he should remember that the current month has only eight and twenty days, 26 of which have already elapsed. \$14,000 must be raised by the date named, in order to secure a conditional \$15,000; the amount thus far actually in hand being \$9,000. Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., 23 Wall Street, are the custodians of the fund in this city, and Messrs. Lee, Higginson & Co., 50 State Street, in Boston. The treasurer is Mr. W. A. Bullard, First National Bank, Cambridge, Mass.

## Shakespeariana

*The Jansen Portrait of Shakespeare.*—A correspondent who signs himself "Henry Cork" (which I have reason to regard as a *nom de plume*) sends me the following note from Stratford, Canada,—a town which, he tells me, was named for the Warwickshire Stratford, and has a miniature Avon, and wards named *Romeo*, *Hamlet*, *Falstaff*, etc.:—

UT MAGUS

I find in Wivell's "Portraits of Shakespeare" (1827) a cut of the Jansen painting. The genuineness of the original picture has been a subject of dispute, and authorities differ as to whether Cornelius Jansen was living in England in 1610, the date borne by the painting. In this portrait the poet is represented at the age of forty-six, regarded by many as the culminating point of his genius. Attached to the original picture is a scroll bearing the words *ut magus*. These words are usually translated by *as a magician*, but I think they bear the interpretation *as the magician* and that the portrait represents Shakespeare in the rôle of Prospero. "The Tempest" was written, according to many of the annotators, in 1610, and the detail of the picture seems to bear out the idea that it represents the actor in character. The beard is closely trimmed and pointed, and if I say the hair appears brushed back, I assure you I am not ignoring the baldness. The eyebrows are carefully penciled in, a most decided curve; the lips seem thin and markedly compressed. The brow suggests splendor of intellect, but the eyes, which are slightly askance, look clever, with as much wizard-like cunning as wisdom. The dress, which several commentators have considered too pretentious for the poet's position, is of fine colored figured satin; the rich lace collar would not disgrace a nobleman of the time. "The Tempest" was performed at court, and probably at considerable cost; and the correspondence of Prospero renouncing his magic and Shakespeare bidding farewell to the stage has frequently been noted. It seems to me extremely probable that the poet played the part of the magician, and in the guise in which the Jansen portrait represents him took personal leave of his royal patrons. What charming point there would be in Caliban's speech, "How fine my master is!"

The Jansen portrait, which is certainly one of the most beautiful of the many alleged "counterfeit presentments" of the dramatist, is so called because it is supposed to have been painted by Cornelius Jansen (or Janssen), who was born in Amsterdam in 1590 and came to England twenty or more years later. As the first paintings that can with any certainty be ascribed to him in England are dated about 1618, two years after Shakespeare died, it has been doubted whether this portrait, which bears the date 1610, can be his. If he was born in 1590 (which seems to be undisputed), it seems to me extremely improbable that he would be painting portraits in England when he was barely twenty. Aside from this, nothing appears to have been known about the portrait until 1770, when Charles Jennens published an edition of "King Lear" with a mezzotint of it, inscribed, "William Shakespeare. From an original picture by Cornelius Jansen, in the collection of C. Jennens Esqr." Nothing further is known of its pedigree. In 1811, according to Mr. J. P. Norris's exhaustive "Portraits of Shakespeare" (Phila. 1885), it was in the possession of the Duke of Hamilton, who afterwards presented it to his daughter, the Duchess of Somerset. James Boaden, in his "Inquiry into the Authenticity of Portraits of Shakespeare" (London, 1824), says of it: "It is an early picture by Cornelius Jansen, tenderly and beautifully painted. Time seems to have treated it with infinite kindness; for it is quite pure, and exhibits its original surface. The epithet *gentle*, which contemporary fondness attached to the name of Shakespeare, seems to be fully justified by the likeness before us." This portrait has been often engraved, but seldom satisfactorily. The best reproduction is Charles Turner's (1824), which is copied in Mr. Norris's volume from Boaden's "Inquiry."

### "In Northern Spain"

WE TAKE PLEASURE in printing the following private letter from an American woman, living temporarily in Spain, to a friend in this country:—

MY DEAR — I have just read in an American paper a review of a book called "In Northern Spain," by Hans Gadow. I hardly think a book that told the exact truth about Spain, the good as well as the bad, would find a publisher, much less a reader. Unless you said you found nothing to eat that was not reeking with oil and garlic, and that everything was just the same as it was three hundred years ago, no one would believe you, or wish to believe you.

Now, take this little town, which for every reason should be one of the most backward in Spain, being so cut off from the rest of the world for want of a railway. It is lighted by electricity, and well lighted; the light has not gone out once since I came, six months ago. Opposite my apartment in 14th Street, the light went out, on an average, one night in every two weeks. It has a nice little theatre, built for the purpose, not like the one in B——. I compare this place to B——, because it is an old town and about the same in size, though B—— has the advantage of being connected by railway with large cities, and is only an hour or two away from New York. This place has no railway, and is ten or twelve hours from any larger place. There are ten schools, not including the College, School of Languages, Commercial School and Night School for Workmen. There are two teachers of English and a number who speak French, having learned it in France. I do not believe there is a town in the United States where so many persons speak foreign languages. I have met at least a dozen men who speak French, and of course there are many that I have not met. I know seven who speak English, and speak it well. There are two weekly papers; one is very well written, and neither is the least like our country papers. Items such as "Mr. F—— has just put a new coat of paint on his barn," or "Mrs. W. is recovering from an attack of *grippe*" do not appear. There is a large bath-house, hot and cold baths, fresh and salt water, open all the year. Here are two hospitals, one for the aged poor, kept by the sisters, and the other the municipal, a fine new building.

I should like to know of one town in the whole United States that has as good servants. Our cook is from a little village, a few miles from here, and has never been farther away from home than this town; and yet she is a first-class cook. (I pretend to know something about cooking.) She can make anything you explain to her, and her flavoring, or the good taste she gives to everything, is not to be surpassed. Of course city cooks do more things, but they cannot do them better. All this for the sum of six dollars a month, which is the highest ever paid here. Just think for a moment of the cooking that one usually has in our little towns, the frying and the grease, and the dyspepsia that follows!

There are four policemen—two by day and two at night. They are uniformed like the city police. Do you remember the one we had in B——, and the number of robberies, fires, etc.? To be sure you can't buy a postage-stamp at the post-office, and this is very inconvenient; but there are half a dozen places where you can buy them, where they also keep locked boxes for mailing letters, so you don't have to go to the office except to register a letter. In B—— you have to go for your mail; here it is delivered twice a day. The houses for the working or laboring people are built on three sides of a plaza or common, which has large shade trees and stone tables and benches. Each house has four rooms and only one family is allowed in a house; rent, \$1 a month. I should not object to living there myself. They have a fine sea view, and their own bathing place.

The people may do many things that seem uncivilized to us, but we also do things that seem uncivilized to them. For instance, there is no one, not even a workman, who would drink tea or coffee while eating meals, especially dinner, while at home this is not uncommon. I remember lunching with some very nice people at home, where chocolate was served with chops and peas. If you did that here they would think you barbarous—and be quite right. But our common people know how to make a house pretty and comfortable, while here only the very rich have things as we like them. Here you see very nice houses with bare floors, not even painted. And our middle-class people set a table with much better taste. I know people at home who do their own work, yet set the dinner-table with fine linen, cut-glass and a profusion of silver; this, I think, would be impossible here.

Mr. Gadow speaks of the rudeness of the people in the north of Spain; I have not observed it, either in the province of Santander or here. On the contrary, I find them extremely polite; almost too much so. You cannot pass a peasant or workman on the road who does not say, "May you go well"; and they will go out of their way to do you a kindness. They are also very generous; I have to be careful what I say, for if I express a liking for a thing, it is sent to me the next day. Some one asked J—— if he liked cider; he said "No." "Does your wife?" "Yes." On the following day, fifty bottles were sent to us. I said one day that I liked plants; so now I have more than I can attend to. I had to tell an untruth the other day, and say I did not like birds; but I qualified it by saying that I did not like birds in cages, for I knew the next day a servant would be sure to come with a present of birds.

Mr. Gadow thinks also that the way to get anything out of the people is to "go for them"—I think he mentions the Galicians. My experience is that you can get nothing at all out of a Spaniard, no matter from what part of the country he comes, by "going for him." I know an alderman in Santander, who used to live in New York. I asked him a great many questions about the common people. He told me this:—"Our people are so hard to manage compared with yours; if they think you are unjust, you can do nothing at all with them. We have just built a fine fish-market, and a law was passed that no fish should be carried through the streets; that it should be sold only in the market. To-day you find the market empty and the people selling fish from house to house, as usual. We fined them, we imprisoned them; but you might as well try to control the wind. They said the law was unjust; that we could kill them, but they would not submit; and they would not. This is so different from the people of your country. You submit to everything. You say this or that is outrageous, but do nothing. The same thing here would lead to a riot."

No, the people are not a bit humble. When I read in the New York papers that the Spanish officers beat their men and treated them very badly, and that the men are so good and humble, they submit without a murmur to all sorts of abuses, it makes me smile. The Spanish humble and submissive! I do not believe an officer would live for five minutes who struck a Spanish soldier. You may think I exaggerate, but I do not; I know I am right; this is not my first visit to Spain. I think the reason the common people are not humble (the "swells" I know nothing about) is that they are so healthy; when you are bursting with health, it makes you feel very independent. Nothing makes one feel meaner than to be in bad health. And what Mr. Cleveland calls "the plain people" have perfect health.

They have many outdoor games, and the dancing alone is enough to make a person strong. By dancing I don't mean the round dance, but the *jota*. Every Sunday afternoon from three o'clock till seven, the servants and working-people dance the *jota*. The men stand in one row and the women in another, facing each other. They hold their arms above their heads and snap their fingers; jump in the air and twirl around, the feet going like lightning; they bend forward and backward again, every muscle in the body being brought into action. If this does not make a person strong and give him a good digestion, nothing will. And these people can keep this up for hours; not only on Sundays, but whenever four or five young people meet. They don't need music; they just snap their fingers, and get some one to sing. The *jota* danced here is different from the *jota* of the south of Spain; in nearly each province it is different.

If this letter were not so long I would sing the praises of the Guardia Civil, that splendid rural police that has made the mountain and country roads so safe that a girl can walk alone, unmolested, any hour of the day or night (this is done here every day); but if you have read thus far, you are already exhausted.

LLANES, SPAIN, 18 Dec. 1897.

M. P.

### The Fine Arts

#### The Pennsylvania Academy

MR. GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH is one of the younger American painters who has grown the most in the past few years; his skill in portraiture puts him in the first rank of living American artists. At the 67th annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy this year, his picture, "Mother and Child," reproduced herewith, holds the place of honor; and at the reception of the Civic Club it received the popular vote. The Academy has purchased it from the Temple Fund, created by the late Mr.





MR. BRUSH'S "MOTHER AND CHILD"

Joseph E. Temple. Its catalogue valuation is \$7000. One of the chief events of the Academy exhibition is the award of the Temple gold medals. These have been awarded to Mr. Wilton Lockwood for his picture "The Violinist" and to Mr. Edward F. Rook for "Pearl Clouds: Moonlight." "The Violinist" was one of the medalled pictures of this year at the Carnegie Art Galleries, Pittsburg, having received third prize. The name of the painter of "Pearl Clouds: Moonlight" is not yet widely known. Mr. Rook is a Newport man, but until this year has been studying in Paris. Two of his last Salon pictures appear in the current exhibition.

#### Mr. Dana's Porcelains

THE collection of Chinese porcelains formed by the late Charles A. Dana, which was exhibited at the American Art galleries this month, has long been considered one of the most notable in America. Mr. Dana began collecting when it was not so difficult as it is now to obtain really fine specimens. He had a remarkable sense of color and texture, which, educated by long familiarity with beautiful objects, entitled him to be called a connoisseur. His collection, of over six hundred pieces, does not include a single poor or merely passable specimen. Each will rank among the best in its kind, and nearly every kind is represented. Although he had a particular fondness for "single color" vases, the pieces decorated in blue and white under the Ming emperors, and his egg-shell porcelains and others painted in the soft enamels of the Yung-ling period, are very fine in their way. A splendid jar of deep blue decorated with plum branches and blossoms (usually misnamed "hawthorn") and a lantern of egg-shell ware painted with figures and flowers in delicate colors, are among the gems of the collection. But Mr. Dana took more pleasure in the deep and rich color of a "*sang de bœuf*" or "imperial yellow," or "turquoise" glaze applied upon a fine and firm paste, like, as the Chinese say, flesh upon bone. When in town he usually spent half an hour, or so, every day among his porcelains, arranging and re-arranging them in new combinations. A huge water jar of "iron-rust" color was, for a time, his special pride; but some fine specimens of celadon very thickly glazed over a decoration moulded in the paste, a tall vase of a deep turquoise blue color, and his great "black hawthorn" vase, one of the finest of its kind in the United States, were also among his favorites. He had few pieces of Japanese ware; and he was wont to show a pair of costly Sèvres vases in order to demonstrate the great superiority of the old Chinese porcelain. Of late years he collected many fine specimens of Persian, Rhodian and Hispano-Moresque wares, and gave much attention to the difficult historical problems connected with the rise and spread of the porcelain industry. It will be of interest to see what other collectors think of the supposedly very ancient specimens said to have come from Malabar, the Pacific Islands and the east coast of Africa, and which, their late owner believed, illustrate



GAINSBOROUGH'S "BLUE BOY"

the Chinese manufactures and the Arab commerce of the ninth and tenth centuries. His few paintings are mostly of the Barbizon School. Among them are Millet's "Turkey Herder," Corot's celebrated "Danse d'Amours," and remarkably fine examples of Rousseau and Ziem.

#### Mr. Fuller's Paintings

PICTURES of the Old English and the Barbizon schools, belonging to Mr. William H. Fuller, were shown at the same time as the Dana porcelains and paintings. Like most American collections, this was of very uneven merit. We will mention only the best things. Rousseau's "The Charcoal Burner's Hut" is a splendid specimen of the painter's most detailed and conscientious method. It is a study of a level rocky foreground, some pools of water, and a group of oaks beneath which the thatched hut is barely visible. Compared with the larger Constable's in the collection it shows how much further Rousseau carried landscape painting as to both definition and suggestion of form. In color, too, it is evident from the fairly representative examples in this collection that the French landscape school has left the older English school far behind. Nevertheless, Constable's "The Lock," and his "Summer Morning, Dedham Vale," show a good feeling for atmosphere, and his "Weymouth Bay" compares favorably as a transcript from nature with Daubigny's very similar composition, "The Cliff at Villerville." Both are views of the sea from a height; but the Frenchman has chosen a picturesque foreground, broken with clumps of bushes; the Englishman, one smoothed by plough and barrow; yet the latter with his less varied technique has made more of his less promising subject. Gainsborough's "Market Cart" must be signalized as another English landscape worthy of being placed beside the triumphs of the Barbizon school. Of the portraits, of which there are several, one of the best painted and best preserved is Gainsborough's "Lady Inness of Norfolk." The somewhat sheepish face is very delicately modelled in a broad light without cast shadows, and in handling and tone the picture were worthy of an old Dutch master. Other good examples of the painters represented are Constable's "Suffolk Water Mill," "Yarmouth Beach," by "Old Crome," Jules Dupré's "Le Cours d'Eau," "A Pool at Fontainebleau," by Diaz, Dupré's "Cattle Drinking," Rousseau's "Marais dans les Landes," Dupré's "The Open Sea" and Troyon's "Cows in the Pasture."

The most striking canvas in the collection is the one reproduced above—Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," a replica of the famous painting at Grosvenor House, London.

## Art Notes

SOON after the death of the Hon. Henry L. Pierce, says the Boston *Herald*, Mr. Charles Aldrich and Mr. Talbot Aldrich presented to the Boston Art Museum the fine oil-painting of Mr. Pierce made by M. Léon Bonnat at Paris in 1895. In giving this picture to the Museum the owners were actuated by the feeling that the portrait was too interesting a memorial for private ownership, and should be the property of the city which Mr. Pierce had so enriched during his life and at his death.

—Mr. Roger Riordan, for many years a contributor to *The Critic*, has become the art editor of *The Art Amateur*, which has passed out of the hands of Mr. Montague Marks.

## Music

## Notes of the Season

THERE WERE three novelties to figure as attractions on the program arranged by Herr Emil Paur for the fourth event of the Boston Symphony Orchestra: a *divertimento* in A minor for violin and orchestra, by Charles Martin Loeffler; Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's E minor, or "Gaelic," symphony; and the symphonic suite "Scheherazade," by Nicolay Andreyevitch Rimsky-Korsakoff. These numbers were prefaced by Beethoven's overture to "Egmont," a group of selections from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," being introduced after the intermission—as an additional test of endurance! The length of the program—or perhaps the realization that a considerable part of it was devoted to an ambitious work by a female composer—frightened away a number of subscribers, and those who were loyal enough to enter the Opera House prepared to face the music, could not but experience the chilling effect invariably produced by rows of empty boxes and unoccupied stalls.

Mr. Loeffler, who is a member of the orchestra and a well-known Boston musician, interpreted the solo part of his *divertimento*. He was applauded for his brilliant performance, and for the genuine merit of his composition. Of the three movements—"Préambule," "Eglogue" and "Carnaval des Morts"—we should class the second number as most effective. The suppression of the violins in the accompaniment to the solo instrument, and the way in which the English horn is brought into relief by the subordination of wind instruments, display originality and fine feeling for tone-values. The variations in the Gregorian chant, "Dies Iræ," in the last movement, are cleverly dealt with, but these are of a nature to appeal rather to the trained musician than to the average music-lover.

It would be pleasant to say a good word for Mrs. Beach, but her symphony lacks inspiration and leaves one out of mood for better things. She has accomplished very much through hard work, undoubtedly possesses talent, and will win laurels because of her ability to develop and elaborate ideas; but the ideas themselves are feeble and woefully reminiscent. One catches at a fragment which, comically enough, suggests Beckmesser's ridiculous serenades, at the very moment when the composer desires to be impressive and eloquent, and one is kept keyed up to the point of expectancy without any adequate fulfilment of the promises given here and there by an occasional "Gaelic" touch. Herr Paur made every effort to bring out the best points of the work, and succeeded in drawing attention to a pretty melody, "Alla Siciliana," introduced in the second movement.

The Russian composer's suite is pictorial. It may not be rich in ideas but it has color, charm, and is suggestive. The concluding movement, descriptive of shipwreck, is really admirable, and the motive which stands to represent the Sultana Scheherazade—her of the 1001 stories,—asserts itself, wins a hearing, and proves a haunting memory.

The Saturday evening concert of the Philharmonic Society was most enjoyable. It included fine renderings of Beethoven's second symphony, and the prelude and finale from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." The overture to Humperdinck's "Die Königs Kinder," which was to have been given at the first concert of the season, but was withdrawn because of the non-arrival of the parts, scarcely calls for more than a passing word of commendation. Miss Maud Powell—secured as a substitute for Mme. Nordica—repeated the masterly performance of a Bruch concerto for violin, heard not long ago at one of the Astoria matinees. In response to the persistent appeal for an encore, Miss Powell added the prelude to a Bach sonata in E major, in which her best qualities, in point of tone, technique and interpretive power were made evident.

The series of operatic representations given by the Damrosch-Elis forces came to an end on Saturday. The Wednesday evening performance of "Les Huguenots" attracted a large audience, and the vocal triumphs of Mme. Melba, who filled the rôle of the Queen, and Mme. Nordica, who impersonated Valentine, were fairly earned. The last evening was made one of those indescribable medleys, when widely different operas are robbed of their most effective acts to cater to a morbid desire on the part of the public for as many individual performances as can be crowded into one program. Of course the more serious dramatic works are the ones to suffer most through such maltreatment, and the entertainment remains absolutely worthless from an artistic standpoint; but the mad scene from "Lucia" may always be counted upon to rise supreme on these occasions, and its success as the principal attraction of the last night of opera was not a matter of surprise. At its conclusion Mme. Melba was presented with a handsome souvenir, flowers and a canary-bird, and was certainly much more in her element than when, at the close of last season, she attempted to sing Brünnhilde's stirring greeting to the sun, on being awakened by Siegfried, in the final act of the second drama of the Trilogy.

The Kneisel Quartet's extra matinees are drawing cultivated audiences, and with Mr. Joseffy as pianist and Mr. Hackebarth to render the horn part in a Brahms trio, op. 40, the last concert passed off pleasantly enough. Joseffy interprets Brahms most sympathetically, but was heard to less advantage in the "Forelén" quintet by Schubert, which used to suit him to perfection.

The little body of instrumental performers known as the Women's String Orchestra Society, gave an exceedingly enjoyable concert at Mendelssohn Hall, sagaciously adding to their own attractions those of the ever popular Mr. David Bispham, whose group of songs included the delightful fragment, "Quand'ero Paggio," from Verdi's "Falstaff." It was rather amusing to find Mr. Bispham obliged to assume the character of Mignon in order to accommodate himself to the Society's desire for a song in which Fräulein Gärtner, violoncello performer, might introduce an obligato. It is strange how few of such compositions there are, for the voice and the 'cello blend quite as satisfactorily as do the voice and the violin. Tchaikowsky has written any number of beautiful songs, but one seldom hears any other example than the one referred to, "Mignon's Lied," or "Nur wer die Sehnsucht Kennt." Mr. Bispham was not at his best in it, and one felt a sense of relief when he dashed impetuously into Hatton's familiar setting to "Bid Me to Live," and afterwards supplemented it with Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?"

The performance of Mr. Carl V. Lachmond, who presided at the piano, formed a most unsatisfactory accompaniment. But, if Mr. Lachmond is incompetent as an accompanist, he is at all events a capable leader, and deserves no little credit for the admirable effects achieved by the forty instrumentalists who placed themselves—only a year ago—under his guidance. The selections were all well played, and the arrangement of Schubert's "L'Abbeille" was really very neatly and suggestively interpreted.

## A Burton Society

IT IS PROPOSED to organize a Burton Society to promote the study of Oriental literature by publishing English translations of Oriental classics. The first public publication of the Society will be a complete edition of Sir Richard F. Burton's translation of "The Arabian Nights" and supplement, in sixteen large volumes. This will be a fac-simile of the edition published by the Kama-shastra Society at Benares in 1885-88, without omission or alteration. It will be printed from type of the same face, so set up as to collate with the original edition throughout except the imprint on the title-page. The paper and binding will be made especially to match. It will also contain reproductions of the illustrations by Stanley L. Wood, inserted in their proper places. It will be supplied to members of the Society only, and without any expense to them other than the cost of membership. The membership fee will be \$50 for each of the first 200 members, and \$100 for each subsequent member. The membership of the Society will be limited to 1000 persons, and the Board of Directors reserves the right to reject any application from any person of immature years.

"Upon the receipt of a complete set of 'The Arabian Nights' and supplement, all claim of every member receiving it against the Board of Directors shall cease. If the Directors publish any subsequent works, they will assess such members as desire them



such sums as may be necessary to defray the cost of printing and publication, but they shall have no right to assess any member in this manner without his expressed consent." The object of the Society would appear to be the securing for its members of Burton's "Arabian Nights" without putting it on sale—a step which might invite the intervention of Mr. Anthony Comstock. The Society's officers are E. R. Axtell, President; Francis D. Tandy, Secretary; James H. Pershing, Attorney. Its temporary office is 19 Barth Block, Denver, Colorado.

### The Language Ibsen Writes

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

As the communication from Mr. Sigvard Søndresen of Hømedahl, Minn., in criticism of an article of mine on the language of Ibsen may be taken seriously by those unacquainted with the real point at issue, I crave the indulgence of a little space to show that my statements are not only not disproved, but are in reality hardly touched on in this intensely patriotic plea (for argument it can hardly be called).

In the first place, Mr. Søndresen does not seem to have noticed my exclusion of the popular dialects of Norway implied in my reference to the literary language at present used. Of course I did not deny, and could not have denied, "that a language having the right to be called Norwegian exists." What I did say, and now repeat, is that the language used by Ibsen is Danish. Neither did I state that "there is no such thing as Norwegian literature, but simply Danish." In fact, no reference occurs anywhere in my article to the nomenclature of the literature of Norway, which is of course Norwegian, just as our literature, in spite of Matthew Arnold, is American.

My authority for Prof. Storm's definition of the language of Norway, by which of course was meant the normal speech of cultivated persons, is an extract from a letter read by Prof. Calvin Thomas at a meeting of the Modern Language Association held in Cambridge in 1889, a report of which may be found on page xxvi of the Proceedings for that year. In the same volume, two pages before, Dr. P. Groth, a graduate of the University of Christiania, defines the "language spoken in Norwegian cities and written in Norwegian books" as "largely the Danish language in Norwegian pronunciation and some syntactical and idiomatic peculiarities." Mr. Søndresen's expression of doubt that Prof. Storm ever made such a statement adds a touch of quaint humor to his otherwise serious treatment.

Mr. Søndresen seems to contradict himself, too, when he speaks of Ibsen's Norsifying the language, which, according to an earlier statement, is already Norse. Furthermore, if "Ibsen has not done least to bring about this Norsifying of the language," which is already Norse, I should be glad to learn who has done less than he. In order to lend greater definiteness to my original claim, I carefully examined the first five hundred words of "Little Eyolf," one of the latest and therefore presumably one of the most Norse of the plays. Of these five hundred words, only one could be called properly Norse. The other divergences from the usage of Denmark, of which there were about half a dozen, were idiomatic, such as might be discovered between the English of England and that of this country. This is certainly not a very strong Norse showing.

It did not enter my wildest dreams that my modest presentation of the subject would succeed in convincing a Norwegian. I should, however, have no hesitation in referring the question to a committee of unprejudiced students of the Scandinavian languages, as I am confident that they would support my statement that Ibsen does not write Norwegian.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS. DANIEL KILHAM DODGE.

### "Our Common Speech"

THE FOLLOWING communication was received some months ago, but was accidentally mislaid. As the author "stopped his paper," some weeks ago, because of our failure to print it at the time, and assured us that he had succeeded in persuading at least one other subscriber to do likewise, we almost regret the chance which brought it to light, a few days since.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

I should not think of disputing the general implication of your review—issue of Nov. 6, page 265—of my little book, "Our Common Speech," to the effect that I am a very ignorant person; but when the writer undertakes to specify proofs of such ignor-

ance, I pray thee that thou wouldest hear me of thy clemency a few words.

Three such specifications, and three only, are given, *viz.*: Your reviewer is surprised that the writer does not know "that Worcester's Dictionary has long been in process of revision, that Mr. Bradley has relieved Dr. Murray of a large part of the great dictionary, and that the publishers have given it the excellent name of 'The Oxford Dictionary.'" As to the first point, what I wrote is that "unless Worcester's Dictionary be entirely revised and greatly extended, it seems certain very shortly to follow Johnson into innocuous desuetude." I have the authority of the Messrs. Lippincott for stating that no revision of the work will appear for years; a great many things may happen to prevent its appearing at all. As to the second point, only a very small instalment of Mr. Bradley's work had appeared when the forms of my book were closed, in the early summer of 1895; Dr. Murray was then, as he still is, recognized as the editor in chief, and I saw no special reason for mentioning the collaboration of any of his assistants. The third item mentioned I did not know, because it is not true. The publishers, agreeing with me that the name of the dictionary is badly chosen and very awkward for reference, do call it "The Oxford Dictionary," in rather small type, on the temporary covers that protect the parts as issued; but that name appears nowhere on any page intended for permanent preservation, as a glance at the title-page and preparatory matter of the just-issued third volume will show.

In one thing your review misrepresents what I said, and I think I am entitled to correction. That is, in accusing me of deeming it quite deplorable that dictionaries recognize new meanings without marking them as such. What I said is this:—

"A dictionary should do one thing or the other. It may record without comment all common words and all common uses of words, proceeding on the conception that a lexicographer is a compiler and an explainer, not a critic; but if the attempt is made to distinguish right usage from that which must tend to deterioration of the language as a vehicle of thought, care should be taken not to pass gross blunders without characterizing them as what they are."

Aside from setting down the writer as very ignorant, the main drift of your review appears to be to the effect that there is no such thing as correctness in speech, and that people should be satisfied with using words as the majority do. Of course, he has a perfect right to hold that view and exemplify it in his conversation. Very fortunately, as I venture to think, some people hold a different opinion. It is for the latter class that the essays of Mr. White, Mr. Moon, the author of "Our Common Speech," and other writers of what your reviewer elegantly calls "poppycock," are intended. Such essays will probably continue to appear, and to find a not inconsiderable circle of readers,—even if they unfortunately fail to interest your reviewer.

GILBERT M. TUCKER.

ALBANY, NOV. 13, 1897.

### Current Comment

SLICES OF SOUL.—Pearls from the lips of the much-belauded author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," and other appeals to the melting mood of the British public, are freely scattered in "The Ian Maclaren Year-Book." They begin: "It's a shairp trial, wife"; or, "A'gaed up to the Manse last nicht"; or, yet again, "Jamie"; and a flush of joy came over the pale, thin face"; and if we do not know the rest, we at least know that the man of feeling is upon us with tit-bits consisting of slices of souls daintily culled from life's sanctities. We are regaled also, by way of variety, with snatches of homeletical literature. It seems impossible to imagine that there can be an audience for such a book; for the person who could sit down deliberately to imbibe the wit and wisdom of Ian Maclaren in sugary homoeopathic daily doses from January 1st to December 31st must be fearfully and wonderfully made in another acceptance of the term than that of the Psalter.—*The Speaker.*

MRS. MEYNELL'S ANTHOLOGY SLASHED:—When Mrs. Meynell informs us that it is too late to protest against Milton's display of weak Italian—"Penseroso" is, of course, what he should have written"—we can only exclaim, "What learning!" . . . A shade crosses our pleasure when we find her patronising Dr. Johnson, asserting of "The Ancient Mariner" that "the reader must be permitted to call the story silly," or informing us that "Dryden, so adult and so far from simplicity, bears himself like

a child who, having said something fine, caps it with something foolish. The suppressed part of the Ode [on Mrs. Anne Killigrew] is silly with a silliness which Dryden's age chose to dodder in when it would." Nothing that Mrs. Meynell has yet achieved can excuse this practising of easy insult upon great names. Such writing is certainly flippant, and, to my thinking, worse than flippant. And if Mrs. Meynell had more of that "general sense of humour" which, as she tells us, she "distrusts," she might contemplate with less assurance the picture she presents when she affects to take Samuel Johnson upon her knee and lecture him. That she has a keen feeling and a keen intelligence for certain qualities of poetry no critic will deny; but the mass of her *obiter dicta* must go into that famous compilation entitled "Mrs. Todger's Portable and Compendious Notions of a Wooden Leg."—A. T. Q. C., in *The Speaker*.

A LIBRARY IN HIMSELF:—[Justin] Winsor was not only indefatigable in collecting information and in disseminating knowledge through the medium of printed books; he opened his ample stores for the benefit of all persons who wished to draw from them. Although an exceedingly industrious man he was a most sociable man; he liked to see other persons and to talk with them or, when this was not possible, to correspond with them. While at the Boston Public Library he trained himself to interruption, stopping his pen in the middle of a sentence instead of at the end. In this way he was able to take up the unfinished thought at once upon the departure of his visitor. It happened, therefore, that one no sooner appeared within the door of his room than his pen was laid aside and the inquisitor, whom many men would have dreaded, greeted with a cheery "Sit down." Whatever Winsor knew of American bibliography or of library methods was at his questioner's disposal; if the desired information could not be given at the library, he looked up the point at his house, where his memoranda were kept, and at once sent a note to his questioner. Unknown inquirers from a distance received the same cordial attention, and an enormous amount of time was devoted to answering them.—Prof. Channing, in *The American Historical Review*.

OMAR INSULTED:—It seems a pity that a man of genuine gifts cannot remain content to be himself. We wonder where Mr. Le Gallienne is going to stop. He is like a "quick-change artist." The other day he was ready to suggest improvements to the Creator on the management of the universe. To-morrow we may have his improvements on Shakespeare or gravitation. At present we are allowed to marvel at the daring which gives us improvements on Fitzgerald. Mr. Le Gallienne informs us, that the idea was "not his own unassisted impertinence." He appears to have been assisted in his impertinence by "the originality of the publisher." It was a dangerous complicity, for murder is no less murder because the murderers are two.—*The Daily Chronicle*.

### Notes

MR. E. MARSTON, of Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co., has written a protest against the giving of books to libraries for copyright or other purposes. Mr. Marston has been doing some figuring, the result of which is appalling to the English publisher. His figures are only approximate, but no one seems to think that they are an underestimate. He estimates that the number of volumes that the British publisher has presented to the British Museum, and the four other public libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh and Dublin, during the past eight years, is 250,000 volumes, which, if taken at an average of five shillings, amounts to the prodigious sum of 62,500*l*. Estimating on the sixty years of Queen Victoria's reign, the British publisher has given 1,500,000 books, representing 375,000*l*, to these libraries!

Now Mr. Herbert Spencer is heard from. He says that this burden is borne chiefly by the authors:—"In the publisher's accounts the author is debited with the five copies, as he is with all gratis copies distributed on his behalf. The tax is levied by the nation on him whether he makes anything by his book or not, and no less when it entails on him a loss. During the first twelve years of my literary life, every one of my books failed to pay for its paper, print, and advertisements, and for many years after failed to pay my small living expenses—every one of them made me the poorer. Nevertheless the forty millions of people con-

stituting the nation demanded of the impoverished brain-worker five gratis copies of each. There is only one simile occurring to me which at all represents the fact, and that in but a feeble way—Dives asking alms of Lazarus!"

Yet the librarians of California are asking Congress to make every author send to public libraries three or four copies of each new book he brings out, in addition to the two he now sends to the National Library!

Mr. Julian Hawthorne has gone to Cuba in the interests of *Collier's Weekly*, a journal by the way, which is much improved of late, though for some time past it has had a most unexpected literary flavor.

"My Life in Two Hemispheres," being the memoirs of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, is to be published shortly in two volumes, with portraits, by The Macmillan Co. As the career of the famous Irish editor, leader and statesman covers forty years of active public life in Great Britain and Australia, his autobiography is practically a history of the stirring times of the Irish famine, the Young Ireland movement, the subsequent struggle in the House of Commons, and the final disruption of the Irish party.

We have received from the E. Scott Co. an interesting booklet, entitled "Annals of the Greater New York," compiled by the Rev. Edward J. Runk, A.M.—a chronological table of the history of the communities which are grouped in the Greater New York.

M. Zola's "Paris," translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, will be published, on March 1, in New York, Paris, London and Toronto, by The Macmillan Co.

Messrs. Jean Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co. are the American publishers of *Le Théâtre*, a monthly journal devoted to the stage. Each number contains two full-page colored prints, besides numerous illustrations in black and white. It is very interesting and very handsome.

Count Tolstoi's "What is Art?" will be issued immediately by T. Y. Crowell & Co. The same firm will publish Dean Farrar's "Great Books," now appearing in *The Independent*.

A new book by Mr. Edwin L. Godkin is announced by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It contains in revised form, and with an introduction, the papers recently contributed by Mr. Godkin to *The Atlantic*. These treat of "Social Classes in the Republic," "Democratic Tendencies," "The Nominating System," "The Decline of Legislatures," "Peculiarities of Municipal Government," "The Growth and Expression of Public Opinion" and "The Australian Democracy."

"A Handbook of Nature Study," by D. Lange, of the Central High School, St. Paul, Minn., is announced for publication early in the spring by The Macmillan Co.

*The Illustrated London News* announces that in October next Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish the first number of a new religious periodical under the title of *Ian Maclaren's Magazine*. It will be edited by the Rev. Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) and Dr. Robertson Nicoll. It is understood that Dr. Watson will henceforth confine his writings to this magazine.

The first of the Comparative Literature Society's two courses, Feb. 5 to April 9, is on the subject of "The Dawn of Literature." Many of the most eminent scholars of the country will take part. Prof. Toy of Harvard will speak of Literature in Babylonia and Egypt; Prof. Shaler of "Nature and Man"; Prof. Lanman of the literature of India; Mr. F. Wells Williams of Yale on China and Japan; Prof. Thomas Davidson on Greece and Italy; Prof. Jackson of Columbia on Persian literature; Dr. Talcott Williams of Philadelphia on Arabic literature; Prof. Chas. Sprague-Smith on Scandinavian literature; and Dr. D. G. Brinton of the University of Pennsylvania on the beginnings of literature among the aboriginal tribes of North America. The conferences will be illustrated with lantern-slides, readings of selected passages, and recitations from the original. Musicians from the Armenian quarter will contribute Arabic music; and a native Indian, Thunder Cloud, will assist Dr. Brinton in illustrat-



ing his theme. The evening conferences will consist of studies of contemporary drama in France, Spain, Germany and Scandinavia. Profs. Adolphe Cohn, Brander Mathews, Curtis H. Page and Thos. R. Price of Columbia, Prof. Kuno Francke of Harvard, Dr. L. A. Baralt of the College of New York City, the Rev. Ildefonso Izaguirre, Miss Marguerite Merington, Mrs. Blanche Zacharie Baralt and Prof. Chas. Sprague-Smith will be among the speakers.

The resignation of the headship of the fine arts department at Harvard by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton will cause the termination, with the current college year, of a very valuable service, extending back for many years. Happily, however, Mr. Norton will continue his Italian course, with special reference to Dante.

Prompted by the success which attended the publication of the Story of the Nations, Mr. Fisher Unwin is launching another series, entitled the Library of Literary History. Each volume will be entrusted to a distinguished scholar, and the aid of foreign men-of-letters will be invited whenever desirable. A photographic frontispiece will be provided in each case. The first volume, "The Literary History of India," is by Mr. R. W. Frazer, LL.B.

The life of the Emperor Hadrian by Ferdinand Gregorovius has been translated from the German by Miss Mary Robinson and will be published by The Macmillan Co. Prof. Pelham of Oxford has supplied a preface for this translation.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne made his first appearance in America at the Lyceum Theatre on Feb. 18. He read from his own writings, and pleased an audience composed largely of women.

"A Desert Drama," by Dr. Conan Doyle, is announced by Messrs. Lippincott. Dr. Doyle carries his readers up the Nile and shows them some fighting and love-making of a new order for the creator of Sherlock Holmes.

Mr. George Meredith, who was born on the 12th of February, has completed his seventieth year. He received the following letter of congratulation:—

"TO GEORGE MEREDITH:—Some comrades in letters who have long valued your work send you a cordial greeting upon your seventieth birthday. You have attained the first rank in literature, after many years of inadequate recognition. From first to last you have been true to yourself, and have always aimed at the highest mark. We are rejoiced to know that merits once perceived by only a few are now appreciated by a wide and steadily growing circle. We wish you many years of life, during which you may continue to do good work, cheered by the consciousness of good work already achieved, and encouraged by the certainty of a hearty welcome from many sympathetic readers.

J. M. BARRIE,  
WALTER BESANT,  
AUGUSTINE BIRRELL,  
JAMES BRYCE,  
AUSTIN DOBSON,  
CONAN DOYLE,  
EDMUND GOSSE,  
R. B. HALDANE,  
THOMAS HARDY,  
FREDERIC HARRISON,  
"JOHN OLIVER HOBBS,"  
HENRY JAMES,  
R. C. JEBB,  
ANDREW LANG,  
W. E. H. LECKY,

M. LONDIN,  
F. W. MAITLAND,  
ALICE MEYNELL,  
JOHN MORLEY,  
F. W. H. MYERS,  
JAMES PAYN,  
FREDERICK POLLOCK,  
ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE,  
HENRY SIDGWICK,  
LESLIE STEPHEN,  
ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE,  
MARY A. WARE,  
G. F. WATTS,  
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON,  
WOLSELEY.

The collected edition of Mr. Meredith's works, published by Messrs. Scribner, will be completed with the volumes to appear in May. Two volumes of short stories are published this month. Only the essays and the poems remain, and Mr. Meredith has been engaged upon the revision of these.

"The Disaster," by Paul and Victor Margueritte, two young men whose work is attracting attention in France, will be pub-

## CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

PUBLISH TO-DAY

### YOUNG BLOOD. By E. W. Hornung.

Author of "The Rogue's March," "My Lord Duke," Etc. 12mo, \$1.25.

"Mr. Hornung's books are stories pure and simple, excellently constructed, well written, cleanly, humorous, kindly. The plot is always well managed, the telling of it lively, with no waste of irrelevant episode, and the writing is sure to be left to the last."—New York Evening Post.

Mr. Hornung's readers have learnt to count on "a good story" whenever a new book by him is announced. "Young Blood," his latest, is marked from beginning to end with his characteristic interest of incident, plot and character. There is as usual a mystery apparently inexplicable, but itself all-explaining, and finally discovered to be wonderfully simple. Mr. Hornung's "good stories" have the rare quality of being also literature.

#### OTHER BOOKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

"Mr. Hornung has certainly earned the right to be called the Bret Harte of Australia."—Boston Herald.

My Lord Duke, 12mo, \$1.25. The Rogue's March, 12mo, \$1.50. Ivory Series, each 16mo, 75 cents: Irralle's Bushranger and A Bride from the Bush.

### EMERSON AND OTHER ESSAYS. By John Jay Chapman.

12mo, \$1.25.

Mr. Chapman's essay on Emerson, published in magazine form a year ago, revealed a critic of notable force and incisiveness. With this catholic and searching appreciation of the American poet and philosopher for excellence, the author has grouped essays on Browning, Whitman, Stevenson, Michael Angelo's sonnets, and other subjects, the Stevenson paper, not before published, being particularly radical and iconoclastic.

JUST PUBLISHED.

### AULD LANG SYNE. By the Right Hon. Professor F. Max Müller.

Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford. Author of the "The Science of Language," etc. 8vo, \$2.00.

Contents: Musical Recollections—Literary Recollections—Recollections of Royalties—Beggars.

Professor Müller's "recollections" are drawn from a remarkable career stretching over the greater part of our century. He has an inexhaustible fund of the most interesting stories to tell of Mendelssohn, Liszt, the Schumanns, Jenny Lind, Weber (his godfather), and many others. Among the literary friends of whom he writes with such intimate and engaging frankness are Heine, Lamartine, Heilmoltz, Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Browning, Emerson, Lowell, Carlyle, Ruskin, Macaulay, Faraday and Darwin; while his "Royalties" include various members of the Royal Families of England and Prussia.

"A most happy title for a most delightful and valuable work. There is not a man among the great now living whose recollections could be of more value to the public, than those of the world-renowned scholar of Eastern literature and the scientific study of human language."—Boston Advertiser.

A GREAT PATRIOTIC NOVEL.

### FOR LOVE OF COUNTRY. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

Archdeacon of Pennsylvania. A Story of Land and Sea in the Days of the Revolution. 12mo, \$1.25.

"The sea-fights in this 'Story of Land and Sea in the Days of the Revolution,' are portrayed with a graphic power well nigh unexampled in American fiction, while the new view of Washington as he appeared in the famous Trenton and Princeton campaign, gives the book historical importance. The keynote of the love-story is loyalty to country—the hero being a young naval officer."—Army and Navy Journal.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

When writing to Advertisers please mention THE CRITIC

lished here by Messrs. Appleton. In this story war is described from the officer's point of view. The father of the authors served with distinction in Algeria and died a general. Paul, born in 1860, has devoted himself to literature from his youth; Victor, born in 1866, had nine years of military service. Their collaboration dates back nearly three years, when they began work upon "The Disaster."

The most timely and important article in the March *Harper's* is "Stirring Times in Austria," in which Mark Twain describes the recent turbulent scenes in the Parliament of Austria, and explains their origin and their probable outcome. Mr. Clemens was a constant and thoughtful spectator in the gallery of the Parliament House. His article "brims with the humor of the situation," yet it is scarcely less noteworthy as an account of certain political tendencies in Central Europe. It is illustrated by portraits of the chief actors and general views of the Parliament House.

Students of Chaucer will be glad that the Globe edition of his works is at last published. Mr. Alfred W. Pollard has edited the text with the assistance of several scholars with whom he shares the title-page. The Macmillan Co., it seems, has contemplated this edition since 1864, and Mr. Pollard's own labors began ten years ago.

There has been quite a competition among certain London publishers for the possession of the book in which Mr. Savage Landor is to give an account of his strange adventures in Tibet. For a time it seemed probable that Mr. C. A. Pearson would prove the highest bidder, but at length the book has been secured by Messrs. Methuen. The chapters devoted to Mr. Landor's tortures are equal in horror to the stories of Nero's cruelties to the Christians.

Lieutenant Peary's narrative of his seven Arctic expeditions will be published in April by the F. A. Stokes Co.

The Century Co. is about to bring out "The Century Atlas," edited by Mr. Benjamin E. Smith, managing editor of the "Dictionary" and editor of the "Cyclopedia of Names," with which standard works it will be uniform. The new volume will contain 117 double-page maps, 138 inset maps and 40 historical maps, printed in from five to ten colors; and the index will contain about 200,000 entries. The North Polar region will be the subject of a special double-page map. It has been the object of editor and publishers to embody in the work the very latest in-

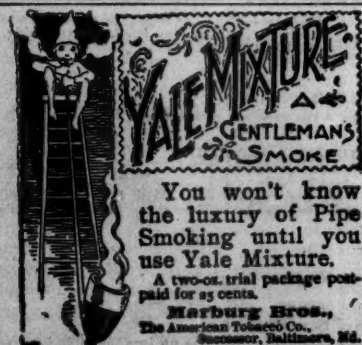
formation from independent as well as from governmental sources, and to make the volume a work of art as well as a thing of scientific value.

News of a literary discovery reaches the London *Literary World* from Manchester. A series of hitherto unknown manuscripts by the late Edwin Waugh, "the Lancashire Burns," as he has been called, has just been brought to light. They are prose sketches and poems (chiefly in the Lancashire dialect). They are neatly preserved in two folio volumes. The volumes have been placed at the disposal of the editor of *The Manchester Weekly Times*.

Mr. W. H. Wilkins writes from Cannes to the London *Daily Chronicle* that all the MSS. left by the late Capt. Sir Richard Burton are the sole property of Mrs. Fitzgerald, sister of the late Lady Burton. She has seen fit to entrust Mr. Wilkins with the work of preparing them for publication. It is hoped to bring out a volume shortly, but it is not yet certain when, nor which of the MSS. will be published first.

The New York Free Circulating Library will establish two new branches this year. The exact locations have not yet been decided upon, but it is probable that both will be on the East Side, and that one will be further south than any existing free library. It will also erect a new building for the Bloomingdale Branch, now in cramped and inadequate quarters at 100th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. This will be the largest and most striking of all the branch buildings. The Muhlenberg Branch will be obliged to change its location again about May 1, as the building it is now in has been sold for business purposes.

The Harvard Summer School pamphlet gives a list of thirty-eight courses. A few of these have never been given before, and a few that have been given in previous years are omitted. The list embraces the Modern Languages, as well as the Classics, History and Civil Government, Psychology, Pedagogy, Mathematics and the Sciences. The English Department is represented by three courses in Composition and a course each in Eighteenth-Century Literature, Anglo-Saxon and Chaucer. This Summer School has attracted numbers of enterprising teachers, and among the students who attended last year are the names of college professors, superintendents of schools and principals of academies and high schools, who sought the great opportunities which the authorities of Harvard University were offering.



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We learn from *The Evening Post's* London letter that the Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin, has severed his connection as a leader-writer with the staff of the *Standard*, in order to devote himself wholly to poetry; that Mr. J. M. Barrie is about to receive the degree of LL.D. from the St. Andrew's University; and that Zola's fame surely has reached its pinnacle, Adolphe Gruenberg, of Nagyvarad, Hungary, having applied to the proper authority at Budapest to permit him to adopt the French novelist's name.

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Clerke, A. M. and Others. Astronomy. \$2. Appleton & Co.  
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Shufeldt, R. W. Chapters on the Natural History of the United States. New York: Studer Bros.  
Stevens, R. A. M. Peter Paul Rubens. The Portfolio. No. 35. Macmillan Co.  
Stokes, A. P. Dangers of the Proposed National Paper-Money Trust. New York: Knickerbocker Press.  
Story of Evangelina Cienfuegos. \$1. Continental Pub. Co.  
Thorold, Bishop. Selections. \$1.50. E. P. Dutton & Co.  
Tourgueneff, and His French Circle. Ed. by E. Halperine-Kaminsky. Tr. by Henry Holt & Co.  
Trumbull, A. E. A Christmas Accident. A. S. Barnes & Co.  
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THE POEMS are by the late H. C. Bunner, Rosamund Marriott Watson, Margaret E. Sangster, Elizabeth W. Fiske, Elizabeth B. Pitman and J. Russell Taylor, who wrote "The Posing of Vivette" in the Christmas Scribner.

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